

THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Seventeenth Year—Established 1881.)

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WALTER CHAMP,
BRUCE MILLER, Editors and Owners.

BILL'S IN TROUBLE.

I've got a letter, parson, from my son away out west.
An' my ol' heart is heavy as an anvil in my breast.
To think the boy whose futer I had once so proudly planned
Should wander from the path o' right, an' come to sich an end!
I told him when he left us only three short years ago
He'd find himself a-plowin' in a mighty crooked row.
He'd miss his father's counsels, an' he mother's prayers, too,
But he said the farm was hateful, an' he guessed he'd have to go.
I know thar's big temptation for a youngster in the west,
But I believed our Billy had the courage to resist.
An' when he left I warned him o' the ever-waitin' snares
That lie like hidden serpents in life's pathway everywhere.
But Bill he promised faithful to be keeful, an' allowed
He'd build a reputation that'd make us mighty proud.
But it seems as how my counsel sort o' faded from his mind.
An' now the boy's in trouble o' the very wustest kind!
His letters came so seldom that I somehow sort o' knowed
That Billy was a trampin' on a mighty rocky road.
But never once imagined he would bow my head in shame,
An' in the dust 'ud waller his ol' daddy's honored name.
He writes from out in Denver, an' 'the story's mighty short:
I just can't tell his mother; it'll crush her poor old heart!
An' so I reckoned, parson, you must break the news to her—
Bill's in the legislature, but he doesn't say what fur.

—Denver Post.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

BY ANNA SHEILDS.

If ever a spoiled baby grew to a spoiled child, and so to a spoiled man, that baby, boy and man arrived at the last-mentioned stage about the time Clarence Parker reached his twenty-fifth year. His father left this scene of earthly change when Clarence was a growing youngster of two years, and his mother, the sweetest-tempered little woman to be found, immediately commenced a system of indulgence admirably calculated to make a milksop of her only son and the heir to his father's large estate.

That he did not grow up vicious was probably due to the fact that he fairly idolized his mother, and would not have grieved her for any amount of self-gratification. Also, it must be confessed, because he was too indolent to care to seek pleasure that did not fall across his path.

He had been educated by a private tutor till he entered college, had graduated there, and traveled through Europe with his mother.

Mrs. Parker was a little woman, a mere mite beside her tall, stalwart son, who called her by a thousand pet diminutive names in half a dozen languages. She was blue-eyed, fair-haired and daintily pretty, neat to the extreme of nicety, gentle, low-voiced, and exquisitely feminine, yet withal with a well-stored mind and an intellect that made her a charming companion, even for her college-fledged son. Many a suitor had tried to win her from her one devotion, but in vain. All her love that was not her son's was buried in his father's grave, and she never put off the soft grays, purples and neutral tints of second mourning.

"When you are married, Claire, I will buy one pink rose in honor of the occasion," she would say. But at 25 Clarence had never given her occasion to think of the pink rose.

I have said he was spoiled, and in a certain sense he was. Without any vicious tendencies, he lacked the ambition and energy that are the attribute of a true, manly nature. Tall, strong, in perfect health, handsome as a young Apollo, he was content to dawdle through life, spending his ample income upon dress, jewelry, opera tickets, a well-appointed equipage, and the means of a lazy, useless existence. And his mother, proud of his beauty, his polished courtesy of manner, his devotion to herself, asked no more.

But she was a truly loving woman, and when Clarence was 25 was willing to concede her throne in his affections to a younger, stronger love, the love that would brighten her son's life with home happiness when her scepter was in the coffin.

And half proudly, half regretfully, she recognized the fact that the ideal of womanhood he had founded upon her example made him far too fastidious in his intercourse with the girls of modern society. A loud voice annoyed him. A brusque manner disgusted him.

"When I find a young lady as gentle, refined and lovely as yourself, madre mia," he would say, "I will move heaven and earth to win her. Until then, let me enjoy my liberty."

It was in the late spring, and Mrs. Parker was preparing for her annual removal to her country seat at Chestnut Hill, when a letter reached her from her cousin and life-long friend in Ohio, begging her to take charge of his only daughter for a few months, while he was absent upon a trip to the far west. He wrote:

"You have so often urged me to allow Myra to pay you a visit that I do not hesitate now to ask your hospitality for her. I cannot well take her with me, as we are a party of nine men upon a prospecting jaunt. I do not like to leave her here alone. Will you add to your kindness by using the inclosed check for her dress. We have lived in this lonely seclusion so long that I do not doubt her whole attire will be startlingly primitive, and she has no friends here to help her select finery."

There was much more, read aloud to Clarence, with this explanation:

"My Cousin John became a hermit when his wife died, ten years ago. He is wealthy, and a man of learning, but

he has buried himself for years upon a lonely farm. I have urged him often to send Myra to a good school, and let her make her home with me, but he said the child was his only comfort, and I believe they have been inseparable from her babyhood. She is—let me see—she must be 19."

Clarence made a grimace.
"When does she come?" he asked.
"Thursday. We shall be at Chestnut Hill, but you can come into the city to meet her."

"Certainly."
And at the appointed time, in a faultless suit of summer gray, Mr. Clarence Parker drove his carriage and coal-black horses to the depot. The train was just in, and he watched the passengers stream by till one answered his ideas of his expected cousin.

A girl, very tall, very straight and very handsome, in a dark, southern style, dressed in ill-fitting gray linen, with a plaid shawl on her arm, walked past him to the dressing-room, with a free, graceful step and poise of her glorious head eminently suggestive of country life in the west.

"She is a perfect squaw," Clarence thought, slowly following her to the ladies' room. The next moment, gracefully bowing, he asked:

"Have I the pleasure of greeting Miss Myra Delano, my cousin?"

"Ah, you are Clarence!" she said, showing two dazzling rows of teeth in a smile of frank pleasure. "Is Cousin Clara here?"

"My mother is at Chestnut Hill, but I have my carriage here to drive you out of town. Shall I take the checks for your baggage?"

"I am desperately hungry," she answered; "could we get something to eat while the trunks are being carried out?"

"Here? I could drive you to a quieter restaurant—"

"No, no; here! I could eat fried whale, I am so starved. I have had nothing but gingerbread and apples since yesterday noon."

There was no resisting such an appeal, and Clarence led the way to the depot restaurant and offered his cousin the bill of fare. It being one of his great points in feminine perfection that the appetite should be delicate and needing coaxing, he was absolutely shocked to see Myra Delano eat. Such an indiscriminate jumble of provisions would have made his mother ill for a month; but Myra heartily enjoyed steak, eggs, coffee, pie, rolls, cakes, oysters, anything and everything, as the waiter put it before her.

She was not rude, did not eat with her knife or fingers; but she had not one of the little dainty tricks of manner that made Mrs. Parker's table etiquette so charming, and Clarence, trifling with his own luncheon, wondered if in six meals he could eat as much as this "squaw" ate in one. In his own mind he christened her "squaw," though he was far too courteous ever to speak so of her, even to his mother.

All through the long drive home, she chatted, frankly as a child, of her journey, her home, her anticipations of pleasure in her visit, and, while her voice was clear, ringing and musical, her language was well chosen, giving no jar to Clarence's fastidious taste, though he wished her tone more subdued. But her dainty hat, her cotton gloves, her stout leather boots, her untidy hair, were all an offense.

In his first hour alone with his mother he implored her to buy some dresses for their guest that were not two sizes too big and seven sizes too short.

And Mrs. Parker, utterly overwhelmed by the tall, handsome girl thrown upon her care, found her life suddenly burdened with unwonted responsibility. First, there was a daily fight to settle between Lucilla, her own French maid, and Myra.

"But, madame, the dresses nevaire will fit, nevaire, if mam'selle will not wear ze corset, or let me make ze fit," the maid would protest.

"I cannot breathe, all pressed up so, Cousin Clara," Myra would remonstrate, "I should stifle in an hour."

It was difficult to compromise, but Mrs. Parker, by exercising the patience and gentleness natural to her, finally presented Myra with a well-chosen wardrobe that gave her the freedom of lungs and movement she craved, and yet set off the magnificent figure.

The girl's own utter ignorance of dress amazed the little woman of fashion. She found that a half-yearly visit to the nearest town, an order to the dressmaker to make warm dresses for winter and cool ones for summer, comprised Myra's idea of dress. Scrupulously cleanly, she was absolutely without vanity, and as pleased as a child to note the improvement in her looks produced by a becoming arrangement of her abundant raven hair, and the tasteful brooch of bright color in her tastefully appointed dress.

The first time Clarence saw her in a dress of black silk tissue with a dash of vivid crimson here and there, at the throat, in the glossy braids of hair, the sash and sleeve knots, he was absolutely amazed at her beauty.

"If only she was not such a savage," he thought, regretfully.

But there was not one hour of the day that she did not jar upon his fastidious ideas. He rode with her at her request, and told his mother, confidentially, that he never imagined anything but an Indian or a circus-rider could so manage a horse.

He sang with her, and found that he must actually exert himself to prevent his deep baritone notes being overpowered by her ringing, powerful voice, full of sweetness and music, but utterly uncultivated.

He found her in the garden, driving the gardener distracted by her criticisms upon his plants, and proving all her theories by transferring roots with her own hands to spots of her own selection, where they invariably improved.

He caught her in the woods, practicing with a revolver, shooting at a mark; and she pathetically told him she was all out of practice, and only hit her mark six times in nine.

"I suppose there is no shooting to be had here?" she said, dolefully, and then described hunts she had taken with her father, in the far western woods and plains, as if shooting deer and squirrels were everyday affairs in a young lady's life.

Every day Clarence found some prejudice rudely shocked and every day he found new fascination in Myra's society. There was an irresistible charm in the very frankness of her manner, the daring of her movements, that were free as a child's, but never awkward or abrupt. She was absolutely ignorant of all feminine pursuits, knew nothing of sewing, housekeeping or the numberless accomplishments that made Mrs. Parker so fascinating. And yet she had an instinctive avoidance of any uncouth or rude speech or act. As Clarence once told his mother, she was thoroughly gentlemanly. She told Mrs. Parker once, in a sudden fit of womanly duties, that she never knew a lady. Her father was not willing to have her associate with the farmers' wives or their daughters, and their only servant was an old sailor, who cooked for them. All sewing was done in town, and sent out to them, and when the garments needed mending, they were sent to the orphan asylum.

"Am I very dreadful?" she asked, in perfect sincerity.
"You are not at all dreadful. But I think it would please your father if you learned some womanly accomplishments."

"I could make him more comfortable! I never knew what a dreadfully rude home we have till I came here. Our piano is in the kitchen, and papa's books are everywhere. I don't suppose young ladies here have a rifle, revolver, riding-habit and hat, whip and fishing-rod in their own rooms, but I have all of these. As for work-boxes and crochet-needles, I never owned either one or the other. But if you will teach me, Cousin Clara, I will learn to sew and cook, and make home pleasant."

And Cousin Clara, won from the first by the bright, beautiful girl, willingly taught her all she wished to learn. It was only in brief snatches she could learn. Sewing worried her: cooking smothered her; housekeeping accounts bothered her. Yet gradually she was tamed down.

Only the spirit of mischief possessed her when Clarence was near. Knowing all his fastidious tastes, all his indolent, dilettante ways, she delighted to jar upon the one, and shake him out of the other. She roused a new ambition in his mind by her keenly-pointed sarcasms at his effeminate pursuits. She challenged him to races, shooting-matches, pedestrian trips, and fairly drove him about by the laughing lash of her witty tongue.

It was curious to note how they came by degrees to a level, the one shaking off unmanly indolence, the other softening masculine traits, while the little winged god of love hid, laughing, unsuspected by either.

Mrs. Parker found him out first. Loving Clarence above all else on earth, her mother instinct taught her quickly the reason of the change in him, the influence that was giving him an erect carriage, a new light of energy in his great dark eyes, an added interest in the affairs of his own fortune, seeking for channels where it might flow to benefit others as well as himself. And reading the secret Clarence as yet did not himself suspect, Mrs. Parker exulted in her heart to see how Myra was just as surely bowing her free, frank nature to the yoke of love, softening her manner, toning down her joyous, ringing voice, training her hands to womanly work.

Autumnal winds were scattering the crimson leaves when John Delano came to New York for the first time in ten years, and was the guest of Mrs. Parker in her city home, to which the family had just returned. He came for Myra, thinking of her happiness to come back to her free life, and she grew pale at his loving caress.

"What ails the child?" he asked, turning to his cousin as Myra left the room. "She was never so quiet as that in her life before."

"You will know soon, John. No, you may know now," said Mrs. Parker, pointing, as she spoke, across the hall to the library, where Clarence had risen as Myra entered. Just one long look into the two faces satisfied the father.

"It will be well with her when I am gone," he said, half sadly; and when Clarence came to him to win his consent to wed Myra he received him cordially and gladly.

"It will be lonely in the old home," he said, and Myra, clinging to him, besought him to go back no more to the solitary life of the past.

"We need you here," she pleaded; and Mrs. Parker indulged the petition.

After the wedding of the young folks and their home-coming to the new house Mrs. Parker insisted upon their occupying. Cousin John fell into the habit of spending his evenings with Clara. They were so lonely, these middle-aged people, each deprived of a companion of years. They missed the "child" who had been the center of all love for each, and talking often of their mutual loss and gain, drew their sore, lonely hearts into close communion, until Myra, walking in upon her husband one morning, announced:

"Claire, I have been to see your mother, and father was there, and—guess?"

"Well, I guess that after this, whoever goes to see my mother will be very likely to find your father there."

"You knew?"

"Not a word! Is it settled?"

"Yes. They insist upon a quiet wedding in church, and we can cease to fret any longer about either one or the other missing you or me."

It was quite true. The power of love that had so softened and improved Myra, so ennobled Clarence, had drawn the bitterness of their early widowhood from the hearts of John Delano and Clara Parker, and shed benign light over two happy homes.—N. Y. Ledger.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

"Rev. Mr. Skylark has had a \$5,000 call." "Whew! From New York?" "No, from the teacher of the infant class, who says he promised to marry her."—Plain Dealer.

"Maybelle—"And why were you present at the marriage? Were you directly interested in the event?" Jack—"No, not directly. I was merely the bridegroom."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"The Real Styles."—"I was downtown to-day looking at the new styles." "But isn't it rather early, my dear, for the spring goods to be in?" "Who is talking about spring goods? I mean wheels."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Well, sir—" The secretary of the navy turned to the master of the shipyard. "Is the new war vessel a success?" "O, yes, sir," said the man. "She sank right to the bottom the minute she slid off the ways."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

"Doesn't your daughter dance?" inquired the hostess. The lady addressed looked around at the tall, anaemic girl against the wall. "Not unless she's asked," she somewhat frigidly replied. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"It," said the grinning savage, as he turned the machine gun on the discomfited Christian civilization, squinted along the barrel, got the range, straightened himself up, and set one of his followers to turning the crank, "is a poor Maxim that won't work both ways."—Indianapolis Journal.

PUTTING HORNS ON A VIPER.

Faked Animals That Successfully Fool the Public.

The "painted sparrow" trick, by which simple people are inveigled into buying a worthless bird, in the belief that they are purchasing a rare foreign songster, is well known. It is, perhaps, the most flagrant example practiced in this country of the art of preparing animals for sale, so that they may appear other than they are. Strange stories are also told of the misdirected ingenuity—sometimes accompanied by cruelty—employed in "faking" animals for exhibition in order to deceive the judges and secure for the birds or beasts exhibited prizes to which, on their merits, they would not be entitled. But all the stories of "faked" birds, dogs and cats fade into insignificance when compared with the sublime audacity of the genius who fitted one of the cerastes vipers now in the reptile house of the Zoological gardens, Regents' park, with a pair of artificial "horns."

It is well known that in the males—and also in some females—of this deadly African snake there is, a little above the eye, a hornlike process covered with scales, which accounts for their popular name of "horned vipers." Presumably, native collectors obtain a higher price for these reptiles when the "horns" are present than is paid by the dealers for specimens without these adornments; for the story is current that art has often covered the deficiencies of nature, and supplied "horns" to reptiles which would otherwise have been hornless. One of the horned vipers now in the Zoological gardens shows that there is some foundation for the tale. Two small spines—perhaps those of a hedgehog or the tips of porcupine quills—have been deftly inserted in the skin of the venomous reptile in the place where the true "horns" ought to be. The fraud must have been attended with considerable danger to the perpetrator. It could have been no easy matter to hold a venomous snake to make two incisions in the skin, and to insert the spines therein. It was probably done while the neck of the viper was held between the index finger and thumb of the left hand, thus leaving the right hand free for the insertion of the spines.

Directly the attention of the visitor is drawn to the fact by the keeper of the reptile house, the difference between the true and false "horns" is so startling that one is surprised that the fraud escaped detection for a moment. As may be seen from other specimens in the same case, the true horns harmonize with the coloring of the scales of the head, and bend backwards in a gentle curve, while the false ones show dark and light bands; stand up almost vertically from the head, and slope slightly outward from base to tip. It is said that such frauds are by no means rare. This, however, is probably the first instance of a cerastes viper fitted with false "horns" having found its way into the zoological collection of a learned society.—London Standard.

Seeing Right-Side Up.

The lenses of the eye produce on the retina an inverted image of objects looked at, and the question is often asked: "Why do things appear right-side up when their images are wrong-side up?" It occurred to Mr. Stratton, of the University of California, to try the effect of preventing the inversion by means of images on the retina. This was accomplished by means of an optical instrument which excluded from the eyes all light except that which passed through the instrument itself. The instrument was adjusted to the eyes at three o'clock one afternoon, and was not removed (except at night, when the eyes were bandaged) until noon the next day. At first, to the person whose eyes were thus treated, everything seemed topsy-turvy and illusory, and the mind instinctively tried to imagine objects to be in the position in which they ordinarily appear. After a time, however, the feeling of unreality of what was seen passed away, and the person experimented on even began to imagine everything that lay outside his field of vision to be arranged in the same way as what he saw. This goes to show that habit and experience counteract the effect of the inversion of images in the eyes. —Youth's Companion.

Real Bliss.

"I've discovered why the Greeks were such a happy people."
"Why was it?"
"They did not have their clothes made to fit."—Chicago Record.

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BY
T. L. Green, County Clerk, Mt. Olivet, Ky.

I want to buy for cash the following U. S. Revenue stamps, either cancelled or uncanceled. At the prices annexed when stamps are sent in good condition:

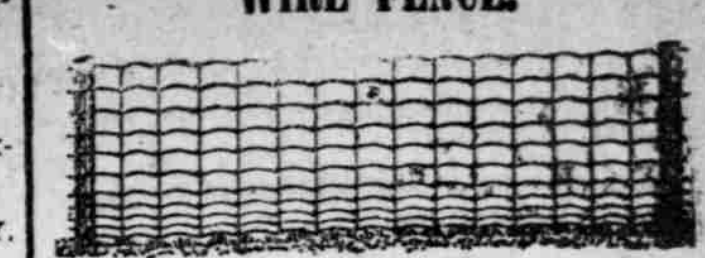
- | | |
|---|-----------|
| 1 cent Express, red, imperforate..... | 5 cents |
| 1 cent Express, red, part perforate..... | 5 cents |
| 1 cent Playing Cards, red imperforate..... | 50 cents |
| 1 cent Playing Cards, red part perforate..... | 50 cents |
| 1 cent Proprietary, red, part perforate..... | 10 cents |
| 1 cent Telegraph, red, imperforate..... | 50 cents |
| 2 cent Bank Check, blue, part perforate..... | 5 cents |
| 2 cent Express, blue, imperforate..... | 5 cents |
| 2 cent Certificate, blue, full perforate..... | 10 cents |
| 2 cent Express, blue, imperforate..... | 5 cents |
| 2 cent Playing cards, blue, imperforate..... | 50 cents |
| 2 cent Proprietary, blue, imperforate..... | 10 cents |
| 2 cent Proprietary, blue, part perforate..... | 10 cents |
| 2 cent Proprietary, orange, full perforate..... | 15 cents |
| 3 cent Playing cards, green, imperforate..... | 20 cents |
| 3 cent Telegraph, green, imperforate..... | 10 cents |
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| 5 cent Proprietary, violet, part perforate..... | 10 cents |
| 6 cent Express, red, imperforate..... | 10 cents |
| 6 cent Playing card, red, perforate..... | 10 cents |
| 5 cent Proprietary, perforate..... | 10 cents |
| 6 cent Proprietary, orange, perforate..... | 50 cents |
| 10 cent Bill of Lading, blue, imperforate..... | 50 cents |
| 10 cent Bill of Lading, blue, part perforate..... | 50 cents |
| 25 cent Bond, imperforate..... | 10 cents |
| 40 cent Inland Exchange, imperforate..... | 75 cents |
| 50 cent Probate of Will, imperforate..... | 50 cents |
| 70 cent Foreign exchange, green, imperforate..... | 150 cents |
| 81 Life Insurance, imperforate..... | \$1 |
| 81 Manifest, imperforate..... | \$1 10 |
| 81 Mortgage, full perforate..... | \$1 25 |
| 1 00 Passage Ticket, imperforate..... | \$1 50 |
| 1 00 Foreign exchange, orange, imperforate..... | 3 00 |
| 1 00 Foreign Exchange, maroon..... | 4 00 |
| 4 00 Inland Exchange, imperforate..... | 10 00 |
| 5 00 Probate of Will, imperforate..... | 7 00 |
| 20 00 Probate of Will, imperforate..... | 30 00 |
| 1 00 Blue and Black..... | 1 50 |
| 1 00 Blue and Black..... | 2 00 |
| 5 cent Black and Green, proprietary..... | 75 cents |
| 6 cent Black and Green, proprietary..... | 0 cents |
| 10 cent Black and Green, proprietary..... | 0 cents |
| 50 cent Black and Green, proprietary..... | 5 00 |
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| 5 00 Black and Green, proprietary..... | 15 00 |

I also wish to buy old canceled postage stamps and stamped envelopes of any and all denominations from 1840 to 1875, for which I will pay liberal prices. Address
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The foregoing offer is genuine—made in good faith, and will be carried out to the letter in every instance when I receive the stamps I have mentioned in good order. Reference—Mt. Olivet Deposit Bank or any official of Robertson county.
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THREE POSTS TO THE 100 FEET.
Economy is not our sole object in placing claims for farm fence at the unusual distance of 30 to 80 feet apart. Farmers say, "the closer the posts the better the fence." That may apply to common fences, but depending largely on its elasticity we PREFER the long panel. For cemeteries, lawns, yards, etc., they should of course be nearer, 12 to 30 feet is not objectionable.

We have completed (and are now building) a lot of this fence for Bourbon farmers and you can examine into its merits for yourself.

Estimates cheerfully furnished. You may put up the posts and we will build the fence, or we will contract to do the whole job. If you are needing any fence, see us. We will save you money and still build you the best fence made.

Respectfully,
MILLER & COLLINS,
PARIS, KY.

The Page Wire Fence in Bourbon.

MILLERSBURG, KY., May 4, '96.
MESSRS. MILLER & COLLINS, Agents,
Paris, Kentucky.

Gentlemen:—I have had the Page Woven Wire Fence on my farm for about eighteen months and am well